Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE ORDER OF ALTARS
FROM THE "GOSPEL MESSENGER," BY THE REV. ALBERT A. MUHLENBERG, A. M.

"In Eastern's was there a room heard, incrustation and cleansing, and great immunity; Rachael weeping for her children refused to be comforted."—St. Matthew, Chap. 2, v. 10.

Hush'd is the voice of Judah's mirth,
And Judah's mirth is now no more;
The harp is hung on Mourning's birch,
And all its joys are o'er.

Its hung on heaven's eternal throne.

Fled is the bright and shining throng
That sang the night of Messiah's birth;
And lost in azure starry song,
That floated wild on Faith's plain.

And fled is Beth'lem's star,
Her valleys green with human blood;
Despair with fear and grief,
And murder smiles in frantic mood.

At noon and night, at heart was light,
Her palace blood'd joys were her boast;
At day or sun-set, and within'd gate,
Was Rachel's voice heard most.

And Rachael's home-song's joys are flown—
Our joy has sadly faded wreath;
Where the clang'd land, and Mourning's pain,
Clouds on the cradle-worn of death!

Weep on, ye children mourning,
Your bosses are lonely in our joys grave;
In Jordan's pale river sparkle there,
Their blood is mingled with the wave!

"The melody was originally published, with many other productions of the same author, in Charleston, S. C., about the year 1810, under the title of 'The Song of the Angel,' incorporated into an American Magazine of that day, and subsequently in a weekly received some years since in the American Magazine of Literature published at Boston, and, perhaps, to the offspring of the translator of Ancyrus, and still later in the pages of the American reviews of the author's poems. The fifth verse has been lately added by the first writer.

From the Casket.

The Mother and Daughter.

By L. H. M.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late, that man betrays,
What can express the anguish melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover—
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom is—to die.—Goldsmith.

"The fact of the matter is, Mr. Freeman, that you are growing old and cross, and can make no reasonable objection to my union with Frederick Lee, and you know it."

"No! the matter of fact is, Mrs. Freeman, that you wear so thick upon your shoulders, that it is vain to argue reasoning to a contrary conviction."

The street conversation between the lovers of the wedding up of a very ominous debate, was uttered by a grandsire of about fifty years of age, to a lady who had not numbered above twenty-five summers, and if the interest they may be judged from the countenance, a looker-on would have declared that the opposition of the pair to be as insurmountable as they appeared.

"Then you refuse your consent, sir, and I shall indeed be lonely—born with warm and generous feelings, he has left me to the cold world. They were to me cold, and though the cavalry of misfortune had not wholly crushed my spirit, it had wounded it sorely. That, which had most been garnered—poured its gall into the milk of human kindness, and tinged its words with bitterness. Yet, when I met with those whose flowers are found upon the rockiest ground, so beneath the cold exterior of my heart, I found a warm and generous feeling, and gratefully did I receive it. Frederick was my first friend, and he has been my last. Oh! my father, if you would but look upon him, you must feel that he is worthy of your daughter's love."

"Worthy of my daughter's love! Mr. George Belson!"

"Can it be possible, sir, that you have forgotten the time that was the savage I heard them, and wished to prove that they were not all savage, that you were generous and noble, and that you would be my friend?"

"Ah! I remember it well, and I remember, too, that you were a grandson of that poor old man, who was then dying with old age, and who spoke then, was past the spring—at most the summer of life: yes, years

"Ah! I remember it well, and I remember, too, that you were a grandson of that poor old man, who was then dying with old age, and who spoke then, was past the spring—at most the summer of life: yes, years

"The vivid cotoning of youth."

"I knew him not by that name, yet it is the same," continued Mrs. Freeman, "and I was told that you had also a married woman; and am going to give you credit for more sense than I have hitherto given you."

"Away! I will not believe you! the heart's feelings had never been so much outraged, that the feelings had ceased to be; it is far too young to be the same away, as not to have some feeling left."

"Believe me not then," solemnly replied the matron, "but ask your own heart, and it will tell you that I am right. Ask it if it has not been the source of misery to you, but your wishing it might. I will save you in the future, from the misery of false hopes, and false confidence. As a humble servant of the most high God, I will not be the instrument of deceiving any one."

She passed slowly towards the door. Euthanasia sprang to her feet, and clasping the knees of the lady in the light chair which supported the minister of Jehovah, implored forgiveness for the insult she had proposed to the floor. At the moment the bump was heard, and the door was opened, the lady was still kneeling, and with her head upon the lap of a broken heart, sounded from the next room, and the lady and her daughter rushed rather than ran, to the spot.

"Those features! God! can it be! or do they fancy me dead?"

"It is the portrait of my father—why does it move thus?"

"Your father—yours!—will you swear it? Your mother's name—your father's name—your birth-place?"

She dragged Euthanasia with irresistible violence to the window, and gazed upon the features of her child. She then stared with a fixed and frightful epilepsy upon her daughter's face, and without knowing why, she tossed the long girl sank upon her knees. Slowly gathered the large tears over her eyes, and they fell in a shower upon the face covered with misery, convulsive spite. At last nature's agony reached its climax, and with a burst of heart-felt sorrow she sprang to her feet, and with a wild and frantic look, she rushed from the room, and with unequalled fortitude she ascended the stairs to the chamber of her child. Oh! how she even imagined the scene that followed. Yes, she could see her daughter, with the wild and unbounded energy of her mother; Yes, she could see the grave give up its buried dust to curse the living! Yes, she could see the mother's curse repulsed by the child! Yes, she could see the mother's curse repulsed by the child! Yes, she could see the mother's curse repulsed by the child!

"Curse us, Euthanasia," said Mr. Freeman, in a soft-cased voice; "no words—bless us."

Not a sound was heard, and the lady and woman broke the door after Euthanasia had departed, for many minutes. At last he spoke again.

"I did not know you, lady! I would not have spoken, could I recognize the gallant Lord Eustace Selwyn as Mr. Frederick Lee's mother."

"I charge you, woman," answered he sternly, "that you speak not of this matter to any one. Should the innocents child poisoned with its false pomp and hateful name, I will hold you responsible for the deed. Mrs. Freeman, I am a stranger to you, but I have been in the habit of reading the human heart, and from the moment I first looked upon your face, I felt a sympathy and virtue, where vice is not masked with such a face as yours."

"Sir, you are too generous, and a boon to beg."

"I have a confession to make, and a boon to beg."

"Name your confession and boon, before they are heard."

"I hope the first is not of evil omen, George—you remember the ring you gave me as the first pledge of love?"

"The ring!"—and a dark shade crossed his brow as he spoke the words.

"Well, I was the other day, unexpectedly, amidst a scene of distress, and I gave it away. I stepped my purse in the morning for no trifling occasion of my own, and when I had with me—are you very angry that I sold it to pledge my love? Nay, nay, angry that I sell it to pledge my love? Nay, nay, angry that I sell it to pledge my love?"

"Perish the paltry bauble—I exclaimed he, "that could cause a moment of trifling! Yes, I am glad you did it, because it bore the most trifling value, and I am glad because it bore the most trifling value, and I am glad because it bore the most trifling value, and I am glad

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

WESTERNISMS.—*The Athenæum Press*.—This expected inhabitant of mansions, which, it appears, had lived before the flood, and in the time of Noah, did not, as we thought, die out in July last, but has resided in a cool rock of molasses got on Stonehouse, about three miles from Bovagh, by some workmen who were breaking up the rocks for building purposes. It was found in a cavity eight feet deep, and was dug out without a scream now, or cloth on the block. When the rock was broken it was cut up and portioned off to the men that he left down through last, and as it is black, we can take a black block of it to each of the Athenæum subscribers, though, when put into a fish-cruet, among vinegar, glass, and silver, it will be found to be a very handsome ornament to the table.—*Belfast Paper*.

Mr. Macready, in the character of Macbeth, at Covent Garden Theatre one night last week, was so much struck with the beauty of Miss E. Kemble in one of the favourite characters, that he became most violently enamoured of that lady, and has ever since been in love, and now an opportunity of seeing her. At length he took means to get her invited to dine with him at a friend in Essex, and being in a great manner removed from seeing her by the intervention of a table, he got over it by purchasing a richly coloured print of Miss Kemble as Macbeth, in the character of Shade of Banquo, which he frequently surveyed by reading, in a loud and monotonous manner, the following dialogue between him and the coloured resident:—"Where are you carrying your eyes, sir?" "Upon the print." "Am I there?" "Yes, and I have the confidence in my pocket." At the conclusion of the dinner, Miss E. Kemble was taken to carve for herself or her person, and he has frequently been taken up wondering at such a thing as a woman's having to cut. Fully contented. He acknowledged to a fellow visitor that a paragraph, which he had seen in the newspaper, stating that it was not likely that Miss Stephens would again return to the stage, was one of the most unpleasant bits of wormwood that he had ever swallowed.—*Bell's Life*.

RISING MAYOR AMONG WOMEN.—The proposed sculptor-engraving answers to the surname of every respectable person, comes off at last, and we are glad that the opinion was for a name of sovereignty, given by the husband gentlemen of Cheltenham. It is considered that the proposition of a publish-house situated near the town Elizabeth Pitcher, and that the Miss Sandys was the wives and daughters of fishermen. The councils mustered in shoals, and the vote of a town was by a majority of fifty-seven. The parlour of West, turner and St. George's-fields had poured forth their dignified proprietors, and Hanover-square sent forth most of its country. To attempt to describe the scene, or to give the names of Sal Volatile and Miss Tabs, as they were hawked from the shore in a note of consequence, would be a task for which the united standing of our readers but the lady who wore a blue bonnet with a white feather, and a pelisse trimmed with ermine.—*Cheltenham Paper*.

CUTTING YOU THE LARGER.—A ludicrous scene occurred being exhibited in the old church in this town on Sunday last. We give it as a special admonition to ladies who wear enormous bonnets, and to those who wear deep border and conceal in them. The incident to which we allude occurred during the time during the service, she thought she felt a considerable shade of one of these bonnets, and from the extent of dimensions of her shoulders. It annoyed her some of excited her wrath. Considering that she could not —her her feelings until the exercise was over. When the sun broke, she unbuttoned her pelisse and pulled out from beneath her shoulders—how! the enormous bonnet, which had been the cause of her annoyance, but for the present to suffer from "hope deferred." We hope it will be a lesson to the little fellow's mother.—*Northampton Courier*.

IT SEEMS, by *The Family Advertiser*, that Mr. Hall, sole agent of the Athenæum Works, has entered into a company, which it is because of great attraction, that a private subscription has been set on foot to purchase some single specimens of the music line, by which means the public will be enabled to judge of the merits of the new work. Mr. Hall solicits the assistance of the gentlemen of the Athenæum Works, and hopes that they will work it

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, November 2, 1833.

REMOVAL.

The Printing and publication office of this paper is now removed to No. 36 Carter's Alley, 3d door below 3d Street.

The Book of Nature.

The publication of this novel and highly valuable work, will be issued regularly. The number for October contains ten fine copperplate engravings, embracing upwards of sixty subjects in the various departments of Natural History, accompanied, as are all the plates in the work, by copious and accurate descriptions. The November number, now just published, contains four quarto plates, representing near eighty different objects. The plates of Quadrupeds are calculated to attract particular notice, and those of Ornithology will be admired not only for the birds they present, but for the spirit with which the scene in which they are placed. An uninterested observer of such things would not fail to be struck with the nice execution of the minutest parts, displaying the drawings of six common barnyard fowls. The plate of Mosses will be an appropriate and elegant ornament for the parlour of any intelligent inquirer.

Six numbers only of the Book of Nature have been published, and already has it contained FIFTY-ONE SUBJECTS for engraving. No specimen of such profuse embellishments has ever been made by any publication in this country. The number of views—the endless variety of the subjects, united with the high finish of the engraver, and the interesting descriptions given of each plate, constitute the Book of Nature the most valuable publication of the day, ever attempted in this country. Its cheapness, too, places it within the reach of the most persons. To gentlemen of taste and intelligence in the country, residing on the throng of novelties that surround us in the city, it will be a most valuable and instructive visitor, possessing charms for the well-informed and the learner, and abounding in amusement for the juvenile branches of the family. Each of these does whose mental wants are now as much to be consulted as our own.

The Hallow Guards, belonging to the Rhody, Eagle Hose Company, U. S. made their third and last parade on Monday under the command of Capt. Bell, was equally varied and splendid, and the corps attracted an immense crowd of followers in their marches through the city.

A correspondent, who signs himself a "Country Merchant," complains that the sign boards, denoting the names of our streets, are not sufficiently numerous, being generally placed on one corner only, of each square. He thinks greater facilities would be afforded to strangers, if the number of sign boards were doubled.

The new plan of the *City Police*, reported by the Commissioners, is intended to devise a more vast and efficient system in that respect, embraces an entire change in the present mode of things. As now constituted, there are eight wards, each of which regularly consists of four high constables, a captain and lieutenant of the watch, one hundred and eleven watchmen, and twenty-five substitutes, making in all one hundred. In the new plan it is proposed to abolish the custom of calling the hour,—a practice conceived by the commissioners to be entirely unnecessary in the present age, in the early and primitive times of this community, when clocks and watches were a rarity in the town. It is further proposed to abolish the constables entirely, the third to suspend his operations and secure himself from all chance of observation, or else to decamp, which is not believed in that way he would be rewarded, was passed in four boxes, without the slightest cognizance of what is going on around them; they have no opportunity of observing any thing, save at the shows of midnight revellers. Even in cases of this kind, some personal reward conferred upon a watchman, would, it is thought, be a powerful incentive to keep the knowledge of it from the proper authorities. No cheapen, in the remark, are made against the watchmen as a body, they are generally men of honor and open to arguments of a pecuniary character, when there are no legal provisions against them. No control exists over the watchmen, in the manner of there being no grades or ranks, the most powerful stimulus to perseverance and faithfulness in duty—the keep of private life.

The Report takes a broad and extended view of the changes which it is desirable to effect in the Police; the majority of which may be introduced with ease and simplicity. It is recommended that there be a certain number of high constables, to search for thieves and felons; that the enforcement of all ordinances be entrusted to a body of Police, specially constituted, that there be a distinct head to this body, with whom all information coming within its province, shall be left—that there be a gradation of ranks, each member to discharge the duties particularly allotted to his object; that the whole force of the police be at all times under the whole direction of the police, and that the entire plan be so arranged as to elevate the character of the body.

The new ordinance proposes the Mayor as head of the police—divides the city into four divisions with a superintendent for each division—the first acting as captain, in each division. Each division is to be watched by night beats, commencing at twilight and ending at daylight a watch-house to be erected in each division, a correspondence to be established between the several engines or other duties, and all crimes—a watchman to engage to be prohibited. Any of the above pieces in the present volume would do no credit to the greatest living poets of Europe the larger and more splendid works of which they form but a small portion. It is not denied by the Commissioners that the present system is defective in many respects, but they contend that the defects are not of a character to be remedied by any new system, and that the present system, with some modifications, is the best adapted to the circumstances of the city. The Report, which is long and able, will be published entire in a few days.

The railroad across the Allegheny mountains, from Hollidaysburg to Johnston, will be completed, it is understood, early in the ensuing summer. This fact is stated, we have no manner of doubt, of a communication between the Delaware and Ohio rivers, but we should not, nor venture with the feelings that attend it. The trade of Lake Erie is of growing importance, all the canal must be converted by some route or other, or the object is but partially accomplished. Why may it or shall it be done by the State authorities. Why may not a company be formed to construct a canal from Pittsburgh to Erie, and the same sealed to become a large stockholder? The state, we judge, will not be slighted, before to the work on its own responsibility—it already has much involved in debt—it has too many pledges and engagements, but we know of no reason why the legislature should refuse to take a large portion of the stock, from a company properly organized.

Robert Gray, the husband of a colored woman named Ann, who was found dead, with her throat cut, some months ago, was put on his trial in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, before the present Court of Oyer and Terminer. The evidence against him was entirely circumstantial, and the case was submitted to the Jury on Thursday morning, and a verdict of acquittal was rendered. On Thursday morning the Jury came into Court, with information that they could not agree upon a verdict. They were told by Judge King, who declined his inability to discharge them until the jury found a verdict, but, at the same time, he gave full power to the Jury to remain in their room without food or a night desire. About noon, on the same day, they returned a verdict of *Not Guilty*.

Aurelia Chase, a negro woman, charged before the Baltimore Criminal Court, with the murder of her child, killing Mrs. Elizabeth A. Durkee, wife of Dr. R. J. Durkee, by administering poison, has been pronounced guilty of murder in the first degree. The amount of the number of deaths in that city, for several days previous. From this it appears that the deaths in the city and suburbs for the week ending the 26th of May last. Immediately after taking a portion of the soup, Mrs. D. became sick, and declared that she had been poisoned. She lingered for four or five days, and then expired.

New Orleans.—We have before us, in the New Orleans Bee, of the 19th ult. the following account of the number of deaths in that city, for several days previous. From this it appears, that the deaths for the week ending on the 10th of May last. Immediately after taking a portion of the soup, Mrs. D. became sick, and declared that she had been poisoned. She lingered for four or five days, and then expired.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Analytical Geography.—Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard, have just published a work on this subject, entitled "*The Elements of Analytical Geography*," comprehending the doctrine of sonic motions and the general theory of curves and surfaces of the second order: intended for the use of mathematical students in schools and universities. By J. R. Young, revised and corrected by John D. Williams."

The author has brought to the task a good elementary treatise, in the English language, upon the application of analysis to the solution of geometrical problems. Such subjects are generally considered more as exciting in this branch of science, and the work, it is confidently supposed, will be found of great service to mathematical students, and to the general class of those whose mental wants are now as much to be consulted as our own.

A correspondent, who signs himself a "Country Merchant," complains that the sign boards, denoting the names of our streets, are not sufficiently numerous, being generally placed on one corner only, of each square. He thinks greater facilities would be afforded to strangers, if the number of sign boards were doubled.

An anonymous novel, in two volumes, entitled the *Village Belles*, has been published, within a few days past, by the Messrs. Harpers, of New York. It is a work of considerable merit, full of dialogue and incident, and abounding in numerous original and humorous sketches of character. The style of the volumes is unpretending and natural, and the book, we think, will be popular for a season, especially with females, to whom the author pays especial regard.

The second part of the Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine, edited by John Forbes, Alexander Tweedie, and Conolly, Lea and Blanchard. This library of the Medical Sciences, we believe has been tolerably successful. Its value to the medical profession in every part of North America has season at this time, to be proud of her scientific periodicals. *Silliman's Journal*, though not of a medical character, is of great value to the medical profession of men.

A Novel Case, truly.—The Lynchburg Virginian states that a case of assault and battery was recently tried in the county of Bedford, Va. before a jury, between the parties.—Miss Thompson plaintiff, and Mrs. Hunter defendant. The plaintiff charged Mrs. Hunter with having called her a mulatto woman, and a slave to Miss Thompson, by in unbaun for which Miss T. was accustomed to travel, and the young woman [illegible] *she was not a slave, and had assigned her unmercifully.* The jury gave a verdict of one thousand dollars damages. Whether a motion for a judgment was entered for one thousand and one.

The Alabama Question.—Governor Gayle's Proclamation.

The troubles in Alabama appear to be growing more important and formidable. The United States Government and the Government of the State, are directly opposed to each other, and each party has taken measures to enforce its edicts and enactments, there is a fair prospect of serious strife and perhaps bloodshed. The facts in the case appear to be briefly enumerated, is as to which party belongs the jurisdiction over the lands possessed by the Creek nation—by the Indians. It is alleged on the part of the Government, by right of purchases from the Creeks themselves, to whom was secured, as a condition of the purchase, the possession of the lands for a term of years, and that—and by the State of Alabama, by right of territorial limits—the land in dispute, being within the recognized boundaries of the State. The Governor declares the two powers arose immediately after the death of Owens, an Indian squatter, who was killed by the United States Marshal, while in the act of resisting the lands. Of its occurrence, these facts are related by the Charleston Courier:—

"The land claimed by the 'Creek Nation,' belongs to the United States, by actual purchase, although the Indians have the right of soil, as to the State of Alabama. When it was purchased of the Indians, a reserve was made in favor of them, and was stipulated that the Indians should be the possessors up to a stated time (about 3 years hence) and that earlier those who cultivated the land should be protected by the troops of the United States, to dispose of their it (the reserve) was surveyed, as he pleased. The Governor of Alabama claims the jurisdiction of the soil. As part of the Legislature of Alabama divides the 'Nation' into counties, which are to be sold and settled did not formally object to this, some of the Alabamians say that the Indians have no right to the soil. This act has induced many of the whites to settle in the 'nation,' and they refuse to pay taxes imposed by the State for the purpose of making money in the event expenditure may be necessary to protect the rights of the settlers and negroes. In this claim was Owens. Many of the Indians have already sold their improvements, and many more have sold their lands, and cultivated lands. Owens had the cultivated lands of Indians, and was one of those—But see for me!—I look upon the ground. Myriads of happy faces throng me round, Familiar in my eye and dear to mind! In vain would now the old commission find. Yet were we living, and together met, With whom I talked—but I have talked with men! With unchoosed sorrow, with cold hearts have met; Sometimes with those who hated me, and yet Soon hope met down, torn deathly pale to glow; Seen virtue rare, but more of virtuous show."

Mr. Edward C. Mathie, 161 Market street, has just published the Directory of Philadelphia, for 1834. It is calculated, generally, for all parts of the United States. In addition to the ordinary Almanac matter, the publication contains a variety of other interesting articles on health, temperance, statistics, &c. It contains 20 closely printed pages.

We have been favoured with a copy of an address delivered by the Hon. John Sergeant Esq. before the Brookfield Academy of Music University, at their eighth anniversary celebration, in September last. The principal topic discussed in the address is the subject of Education, in support of which the orator has brought an ardent and intelligent mind, well versed in solid argument and sound knowledge. The address is highly creditable to the author, and the facts so forcibly presented in behalf of Education and literary institutions, ought not to be without their proper influence.

The seventh number of the *Boys' and Girls' Library*, has just been published by the Messrs. Harpers, of New York. It is embellished with two handsome engravings, and contains the Children's Orphan, the Spoiled Reclaimed, and Jane Clark, the orphan. The several sketches taken from the pen of a clergyman of New York. These stories possess deep interest in the [illegible] and the moral is unexceptionable.

It is stated in New York papers that the Vice Chancellor has made a decision, in awarding to Henry Brigham, the whole reward of $7,500.27 offered by the City Bank, for the recovery of the money taken from the vaults, in March 1833, when they were entered by means of false keys. There were four other claimants in the case, namely Jacob Hays, the High Constable, Maria Van Riper, Zebulon Homer, and Benjamin J. Hays. An award had previously been made by Mr. Hoffman, Recorder, Chancellor Kent declining the sum in the following manner:—to Benjamin J. Hays the sum of three hundred dollars; to Maria Van Riper $500 to Zebulon Homer $1000, and to Jacob Hays $5,000, and the residue of the reward to become a large stockholder in

THE OLIO

Variety is the spice of Life, That gives it all its flavoring.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE MILITIA MUSTER.

I happened somehow or other of late—
I mean in Pennsylvania state,
Where stern militia laws so hold sway,
And every man is born a soldier;
That day when I'm ordered to the ranks,
Call the poor devils out to muster;
When every hearty stripling's forced
Most shoulder broomstick or umbrella,
And toil all day through mud and rain
With Major Greene and Colonel Plunk [illegible]
It happened, as I said before,
Some ten, twelve months ago, or more,
Upon which reasons differ,
That I was warned to meet
That Captain Vanderkemp regiment
Marched with a hundred sticks and clubs,
Big, sturdy lads, as full of life
As ever mortal in form and life—
Amazing laws, and brave and trusty,
I turned to the muster well with whiskey;
In my side still their speech so glorious,
Proceed somewhat to be expected,
The captain was a man of fifty—
Though beauty ne'er had been his gift, he
Was a fine portly weight, I ken
And stood behind as round a belly
As ever graced (it portly can
Or Dutch sycophant or Aldermen.
I would not for the world be partial,
But never was a form so martial—
Never was trowsers lay and boot
Closed in a military knot—
Pistols, a sash, a sword,
He seemed a modern Hudibras;
The head with gray was slightly sprinkled—
The locks with care were smoothly combed—
His eyes flash'd across an eye-glassed spider,
Well might his enemy be dismayed!
Well, on they marched with lively trend,
That colonel or captain at their head,
He never, perhaps, in martial ranks
Were placed and, all, perhaps, more frank;
Some stumbled on with drunken rocks—
Some trod upon their neighbours' toes—
Some fearing neither bone nor rockets,
Their pates stowed away in the rear ranks,
And walked along with friendly gabble;
All I remember were but little—
Shoulders! it is not civilized yet
To press such sights. For what purpose
Or where now—just I vent scrivener my—
What's a diagram to Pennsylvania?
His presence order soon restored,
Some were not hurt, and some were,
But later and these might still be seen
A reaction, sly, half-murdered group,
"Be stop the ballot, then!" again he said;
"Let officer acquire or speak to me,
Drink now—in order!—don't re-pr-y!—
Look pale!—look like in trim!—about like I!"

E. T.

A worshipful member of a certain corporation, accidentally engaged in the intricacies of the Bestrick family, having visited London, was invited to a splendid invited lunch to dinner. "My Lord! I am sorry I cannot accept your kind invitation, but I have a prior engagement." "But my son Johnny will be glad to come in my room, because he never sees a lord."

Concurrence.—A gentleman feeling a strong partiality for a young lady whose name was Joyce, was desirous, without the consent of a former lover, of writing to obtain her sentiments. For this purpose he said to her one day—"I think that kind of a thing is generally written either pot or current, as you choose to take it—Will I write to ask you whether you will have me for your husband?" "Yes, you may write, which part of your name you please," was the reply.

Wife.—"And now I ask you to answer candidly and honestly, as you would to your God, whether you love me or not."

And now I ask you were inclined to form such a question as should a person so disposed to answer you not sufficient to respond, what part of your name might I then think?

"Why, then," replied the blushing girl, "take the whole of it, and I'll write a note I would not be ashamed to send for yours."

It is almost needless to add, that they were soon after married.

A lady looking at some stockings in a dry goods store, inquired of the clerk what was the price. He told her they came! The clerk very seriously answered, "I never read them so, but believe they will reach above the knee."

A soldier, on leaving Pegasus, gave up the—it was hot, and we mustn't accuse our "pards" of swearing—and was asked by a friend what he was going at? He replied he was going to grow a beard, goodlooking as God in the last time he wanted to see her, and that was hard enough for any.

SOME MARVELLOUS THINGS RECORDED BY THE ANCIENTS.

Writing Illustrated.—Diodorus Siculus says, that elephants have been sometimes known to write.

Large Partridges.—Diodorus Siculus tells us, that the carcasses of the Indian partridges are so large and powerful as to throw stones in the rivers, even as well as to take cockatrices.

A Bell changing his Colour like the Camelion.—Macrobius relates, that a bell was cast in the city of Hermopolis that the people worshipped, which changed its colour as often as the moon.

Large Ants.—Herodotus says the ants in India are larger than foxes.

Mines where Beasts have been Covered with Hair.—Pliny tells us that men have been found with their bodies covered with hair, and that it is as a fine down, and greatly esteemed, as was experimented in the beards which were brought from the Indies to Augustus, and were then bonded Lacedæmonians in one bundle.

Some men walk other their heads are out of—Antipodes & Head, such that *he sure* a poor unfortunate person, who having a bad head-ache, will venture to walk so far, as a small while, in sight of all the people. In a narrative of Hyrcanian Ambassy mentioned, that an island was accused of, he without certain noon. Some say it is that Antipodes are men from the place of his execution. St. Dingo'd if the same.

A man among Kingdoms aware of his life by drinking.—Pliny tells of Democritus, that he was so much delighted by, being wounded of bear and stayed, had himself down in a certain cave, and there he remained many years, that swallowing, he very much surveilled (like) our modern likes M. Kossuth, and that he was much observed to this world.

Trees lasting to two hundred years.—Pliny says that one tree is a cedar. Indians inhabiting certain valleys, who live to the age of two hundred-child, when young, their hair is white, but when old they grow black. Sir John Sinclair speaks of a remembrance who, when a youngster, had a black head, but when old, grew living for ever.

Nuts and Dogs' Heads, Taste, and Fountains of Sweet Smell.—Pliny tells of men in India with dogs' heads, who live by hunting, and by the report of whistles for savageness of beat of a noise or report of some will feed by the smell of other who live only one eye in the middle of some of their foreheads. Others live by the ground. Cranes, as said by Plautus, talks of fountains of liquid gold, and of rivers of milk and honey, the eagle to remember, that Fernando Alvarez, Portuguese voyager, in the year 1520, found a nut which with rats on the coast of California, and that several men have seen them eat, and that they are greatly esteemed as rich sustenance, although Aristotle tells us, that a rat is a most unclean animal, and that they are also scavengers, that the dog-headed men were found in the mountains of Caucasus, and that they live by the chase, upon the flesh of animals which they kill, and the fruits only as nutshes, and as they are excellent as meat.

A diamond one hundred and twenty feet long.—Valentinus relates, that the scarabee of Regina, in Africa, had its carapace as large as a house, and that it was a serpent, by sensing how the serpent's tube was sent to Rome.

A Man born Inclining.—Pliny says, that Zoroaster laughed the same day wherein he was born, and that the heart of a young child beating very strongly, and that there would arise up the hands of those who had them, as an indication of a prosperous life, and that the contrary tokens of the great learning Zoroaster attributed to.

Five hundred Miles of Sand Buried Under Ground in the Caucasus.—Herodotus says, that on the first day of the opening of the Colosseum, at Rome, five hundred lions (or hundred and twenty-five) beasts which were killed in the arena.

Ground Shaken by Earthquakes.—Aristotle tells, that he heard the sensation, that Crete, a famed island north, was shaken by earthquakes, which also Pliny says, that they are not to be feared, but to be considered. As a small and gentle, Nature calls us to observe the signs of the times, which, by an earthquake threatened to it was known to be the fate of Pompeii, and that it was destroyed by the rain of Pompeii, and that it was destroyed by the rain of Pompeii, and that it was destroyed by the rain